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ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS,

DESIGNED TO AID THE CAUSE

OF

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CONTAINING ORIGINAL HYMNS WRITTEN BY ABBY H. PRICE,
AND OTHERS OF HOPEDALE COMMUNITY, WITH A
CHOICE SELECTION FROM OTHER AUTHORS.

*"Let me make the Ballads for a nation,
and I care not who makes its Laws."*

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P R E F A C E.

THE compiler in sending forth this humble and unpretending accompaniment to Anti-Slavery gatherings, cherishes the hope that it may be iustrumental in awakening a new zeal for the oppressed. If in its mission it shall do thus much he will rejoice. We need more off-hand singing, that our hearts may be warmed in humanity's service. It is hoped this want will be met. Some of the hymns have been published in an isolated manner, and sung with good effect in this region; other original ones have not yet been published.

GEO. W. STACY.

THE EASENESS OF SLAVERY.

TUNE—' *Sparkling and bright.*'

Fairer than light, to the human sight,
Is the freedom God has given ;
And every man, in tribe or clan,
Receives this boon from heaven.

CHORUS—' O then renounce all claim at once,
To every sister, brother ;
There's nothing so base in the human race,
As enslaving one another.

Loathsome as death, is slavery's breath,
To every human creature ;
They shun its blight, they hate its sight,
In every form and feature.
O then renounce, &c.

Fearful as hell, the fatal spell,
That slavery spreads around those,
Who loiter at all in the man-thief's hall,
Or cease to remember the slave's woes.
O then renounce, &c.

Wide as the land its bold command,
For all to pay it allegiance ;
And few indeed abjure the deed,
Or refuse to bow in obedience.
O then renounce, &c.

The democrat kneels, and the whig too yields,
To slavery as their master ;
And then unite against the right
To crush our liberties faster.
O then renounce, &c.

The church it claims to sanction its chains,
And the priest at the altar serving ;
And a godless crew its pleasure do,
In spite of the true and deserving.
O then renounce, &c.

D. S. W.

'The learned and great in church and state,
 Have made with hell an alliance,
 And think to find in all a mind
 To yield a ready compliance.
 O then renounce, &c.

But it will not hold the compact bold,
 Though church and state pledge together ;
 For true souls feel the cruel steel
 That pierces the heart of a brother.
 O then renounce, &c.

In God we trust, the true and just,
 Who ne'er will forsake the needy ;
 To him we'll pray by night and day,
 To send them deliverance speedy.
 O then renounce, &c.

On to the charge, free hearts and large,
 In truth's bright armor shining ;
 In God's great might, we'll strike for the right,
 And deliver the bond-slave pining.
 O then renounce, &c.

THE MOURNING CAPTIVE.

BY A. H. P.

Tune—*Zion*.

In the Southern canebrakes wailing,
 See our suff'ring brother stand ;
 Hear the chain and fetter trailing,
 See the iron gall his hand:
 Mourning brother ! who can loose that cruel band ?

See that mother's bosom bleeding—
 From her love a child is torn ;

Time with rapid step is speeding—
 Soon away her child is borne :
 Mourning mother ! what can cheer thy heart forlorn ?

Where the glorious sun-light beaming
 Bathes the warm and fertile plain ;
 Human blood is daily streaming,
 'To enlarge a tyrant's gain :
 Mourning brother—there thy blood is poured like rain !

Is there for this guilty nation
 Hope for all this crime and woe ?
 Will the waters of salvation
 O'er the dismal rice-swamp flow ?
 Mourning captive, this would cheer thy heart to know.

Bondman, there is hope in heaven—
 God doth hear thy bitter cries ;
 " Let the galling chain be riven,"
 He is speaking from the skies :
 Mourning captive—Freedom's sun will soon arise !

Light is breaking forth in beauty,
 Burning words of love are spoke ;
 Human hearts shall learn their duty ;
 God will break the oppressor's yoke ;
 Mourning captive—*Love* will break the oppressor's yoke !

AN APPEAL FOR SYMPATHY.

Pleyel's Hymn.

Mother, dost thou love that child,
 Sweetly playing on thy knee ?
 In its features fair and mild,
 Dost thou joy thine own to see ?

Dost thou love to watch the growth
Of its budding intellect?

Trace his pathway up to youth,
Thence to manhood, firm, erect?

Dost thou look with ardent hope,
To the scenes of riper age,
When that child shall be a prop,
To thy weary pilgrimage?

Mother, for the richest mine,
Of Peruvian gems and gold,
Would'st thou let that child of thine,
On the auction stand be sold?

No—oh no, thy heart responds,
'At the word my thoughts recoil,
Rather let me wear the bonds,
Suffer all the pain and toil.'

Think of her whose little one,
Fondly loved as thine by thee;
From her bleeding side is torn,
Borne to distant slavery!

Think of her in keen despair,
Weeping, comfortless and lone!
For that mother breathe one prayer,—
Make her wretched case thine *own*.

M. J.

THE TOIL-WORN SLAVE.

Sicilian Hymn.

In the rice-swamps, toiling ever,
'Neath the burning of the sun,
Rest from labor he can never,
Till the day's long work is done.

Homeward faint, and worn, and weary,
 To his hut the slave repairs ;
 Life to him is dull and dreary,
 Full of grief and wo and cares.

Is there none within that dwelling—
 None to sooth his fear and wo ;
 With kindly words his grief dispelling—
 Light with hope his gloomy brow ?

Yes, there's one to feel his sorrow,
 Sharer of his toilsome life ;—
 Now she's his—but Oh, to-morrow,
 Fate will tear him from his wife.

Oh what pain—what heart felt anguish,
 Do his gloomy looks reveal ;
 Not the pris'ners who languish,
 Half his weight of sorrow feel.

'Tis the sharpest, keenest torture—
 Direst link in slavery's chain ;
 Then to break the ties of nature,
 Burst the the tend'rest cords in twain.

'Tis the worst, the damning feature,
 In the slaver's cruel code,
 To imbrute this noble creature—
 Image of his maker God.

M. J.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

Missionary Hymn.

Hark ! hark ! the clank of fetters,
 From shady grove and dell ;

A shriek, where freedom's martyrs
 In glorious combat fell!
 What! stripes, and chains, and fetters,
 And this in freedom's land—
 Where Liberty's proud altars,
 And boasted temples stand!

Is this the home for freedom,
 For liberty and light,
 Where millions grope in thralldom,
 Depriv'd of law and right?
 A refuge from oppression,
 For Europe's sons to share,—
 Whilst, for a dark complexion,
 Her own the chain must wear?

Say, is that voice of wailing,
 That undissembled cry—
 That tale the slave is telling,
 Unworthy a reply?
 Oh! shall their many sorrows,
 Their dread of slavery's curse,
 And all its endless horrors,
 Unheeded be by us?

What, this free, favor'd nation
 A mart for human souls!
 Where pow'r implies oppression,
 Where lust and av'rice rules!
 What, freemen bind the fetters,
 And Christians trade in blood;
 Destroy on Mammon's altars,
 The noblest work of God!

What, man in bondage pining,
 For money bought and sold!
 In value far outshining
 Peruvian gem and gold?

Shall he be taught by scourges—
 Influenc'd by the blow,
 Who through eternal ages
 In intellect must grow ?

Ah, no—this untam'd spirit
 Above the chain shall rise ;
 This soul a crown inherits ;—
 Claims kindred to the skies :
 'Tis free as white man's ever,
 Unfetter'd, unconfin'd—
 Even slavery's fetters never
 Can wholly crush the mind !

M. J.

FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Lenox.

A grateful song of praise
 Comes swelling o'er the main—
 From multitudes once slaves,
 Freed from the galling chain ;
 They now in praise adore that God,
 Whose truth has broke the despot's rod.

With joyful minds we meet,
 To hail this blissful day ;
 Our hearts with rapture beat,
 That slavery's past away
 In those soft isles of western seas,
 Where orange bowers embalm each breeze.

Here is a pledge that all
 Who pine in slavery's chain,
 If freed from that sad thrall,
 Would peaceful lives sustain :
 The joys of liberty and home
 For slavery's countless wrongs atone.

But mingling with these strains,
 On every south wind borne,
 From millions now in chains—
 There comes a wail forlorn:
 A bitter cry from countless tongues,
 Invokes our aid—proclaims their wrongs.

O God, the true and just!
 We look for help to thee;
 No other aid we trust,
 To set the captives free;
 But thy all-conquering truth and grace,
 Shall prove enough to free our race.

By all the joys that fill
 The thousand hearts to-day;
 By all the woes that chill
 The millions in its sway,
 We pledge our faith to each and all,
 To war with slavery till its fall.

D. S. W.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

'How lovely the place.'

How brightly they lie on the ocean's deep surge,
 All gilded by freedom and love;
 The zephyr's sweet voice has sung tyranny's dirge,
 And wafts their glad praises above.

The mother, who knelt where the briny waves beat,
 And lifted her hands in despair;
 Now feels that the fetter is loos'd from her feet,
 Her lov'd ones released from the snare.

There's joy in the cabin where once there was woe,
 The *husband*, the *father* is free—

While blessings of Liberty sweetly o'erflow!
Those beautiful Isles of the sea.

A halo of glory encircles them now,
The rainbow is seen in the sky;
Fair freedom looks up with a wreath on her brow,
And points to the glory on high.

Those slaves once degraded may now hope to gain
The mansions prepared for the blest;
Away from the thoughts of their bondage and pain,
With purified spirits to rest.

Rejoice for the Islands that gem the blue sea!
But weep for America now—
O pray that *she* too may be happy and free,
Redeemed from her thraldom of woe.

O pray that oppression may hasten away,
And hide in the dens of the earth;—
The bright star of Freedom now rising to day,
May usher full liberty's birth. A. H. P.

"OUR NATIONAL COMPACT, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE
UNITED STATES, SUSTAINS SLAVERY."

Admah.

Then give the Compact to the winds,
The Constitution to the flames;
If it our wretched brother binds,
And lust and piracy sustains;
For God, Almighty God has spoke—
"Now break each galling chain and yoke."

Our sires were men—as men they err'd
In striking hands their race to enthrall;

They're dead, the're gone—their case refer'd
 To Him who is the Judge of all :
 But we their acts cannot endorse ;
 We will not slavery's laws enforce.

This we demand—this we will have,
 Whate'er the cost of toil or pain ;
 Ne'er to return the trembling slave
 To toil and torture, whip and chain :
 Nor shall our arms or money be
 Devoted to foul slavery.

We love the oppressor and the oppress'd ;
 Our strife for mutual good shall be ;
 We long to see all wrong redress'd,
 And each enjoy true liberty :
 Our sword is truth—and God our strength ;
 These must and will prevail at length.

D. S. W.

THE SLAVE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Long, long ago.

Where are my babes that to me were so dear,
 Long long ago, long ago ?
 Where is the voice that my heart used to cheer,
 Long long ago, long ago ?
 Children I loved are torn from my breast,
 My poor broken heart cannot be at rest,
 My lot here below, O it never was blest,
 Long long ago, long ago.

In sadness and woe I have shed many tears,
 Long long ago, long ago ;
 Time has roll'd heavy to mock all my fears—
 Long long ago, long ago.

As I've looked back on the days of my grief,
 I asked, is there not for the poor slave relief?
 If not I have prayed that my life might be brief!
 Long long ago, long ago.

In the days of my youth I have wept and I've pray'd,
 Long long ago, long ago;
 I have hoped the oppressor's arm might be stay'd.
 Long long ago, long ago:
 O am I deceived—must I die in despair?
 Will heaven ne'er send a relief to my prayer?
 Which in agony deep has pierced to the air!
 Long long ago, long ago. G. W. S.

THE SLAVE-MOTHER.

Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave-mother, care-worn and weary,
 Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
 I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary—
 I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredress'd.

O, who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
 As she thinks of her children about to be sold!
 You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled
 Ocean,
 But the grief of that mother can never be told!

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
 That ever has bloomed in her path-way below;
 It has froze ev'ry fountain that gush'd in her bosom,
 And chill'd her heart's verdure with pitiless wo.

Her parents, her kindred, all crush'd by oppression;
 Her husband still doom'd in its desert to stay;
 No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, who will pour balm o'er her cup full of sorrow?
 Where, where is the hand that is stretch'd out to save?
 Dawns not for that mother one happy to-morrow,
 Ere she lays herself down in a merciless grave?

O, slave-mother! is there no vision of gladness,
 In the far-coming future, to light up thy sky?
 Is there nothing for thee but hard toiling and sadness—
 No repose for thy form but to lie down and die?

O, slave-mother, hope! see—the nation is shaking!
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!
 The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking—
 Salvation and mercy to heaven belong!

Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rainbow so cheering,
 Is born, like the rainbow, midst tempest and storm.

A. H. P.

GLAD TIDINGS TO THE BONDMAN.

Old Church Yard.

We have come from hill and valley,
 And round freedom's standard rally,
 And in thrilling tones we tell you,
 That we mean to fight;—
 Yes we'll fight with slavery,
 Yes we'll fight with slavery,
 Yes we'll fight with slavery,
 Till the monster's put to flight.

Now we count a goodly number,
 And we'll speak in tones of thunder,
 To awake a nation's slumber!
 Wake, oh wake and hear,
 We will talk of thralldom, &c.
 Till the nation wide will hear.

Every day our ranks are swelling,
 With new strength our cause propelling,
 With new zeal our hearts impelling,
 Onward, firm and brave ;
 Yes our course is onward, &c.
 And we'll labor for the slave.

Stay'd on God in firm reliance,
 We can boldly bid defiance,
 To our foes, though in alliance
 Firm and strong they be ;
 Yes we'll brave their fury, &c.
 Till our brethren all are free.

Then we'll tell abroad the story,
 And we'll sing our nation's glory—
 O then we'll shout of vict'ry,
 When the slaves are free,
 Then we'll sing of Freedom, &c.
 In our nation's jubilee.

M. J.

THE CALL.

Sparkling and bright.

Come one and all at the urgent call,
 Round freedom's standard rally ;
 With whip and chain, and slavery's gain,
 No, not for a moment dally.

CHORUS.—O then unbind the limbs and mind,
 Of every sister, brother ;
 'Tis manly and brave to plead for the slave,
 And kindly help one another.

Sorrow doth flow and want and woe,
 'Tis the fruit of base oppression ;

Darker than hell, oh who can tell
 How guilty is this nation.
 O then unbind, &c.

Robb'd is the slave from birth to the grave,
 Of all in life endearing ;
 Suff'ring and grief, without relief,
 The future is appearing.
 O then unbind, &c.

Crush'd is the soul by man's control,
 The tenderest ties are riven ;
 Darkness like night shuts out the light,
 That points the way to heaven.
 O then unbind, &c.

O come unite with zeal and might,
 The captive to deliver ;
 Sorrow shall cease and joy and peace,
 Shall reign on earth forever !
 O then unbind, &c.

M. J.

THE BLIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Erin go Brah.

In sweet southern vales where the orange trees blossom,
 Where fragrance and sun-light is poured o'er the plain ;
 Where blessings are strew'd that might cheer ev'ry bosom,
 And beauty is lavish'd to banish all pain,
 Dark stains of oppression dim every fair flower,
 And sighs of the weary are heard in each bower,
 While groans of affliction mark every sad hour
 That passes away in the land of the slave !

Affections are trampled, and manhood is blighted,
 And woman's tears mingle with childhood's distress ;

The warnings of heaven are constantly slighted,
 And hated the hand that his brother would bless:
 O, why comes the spring to that blood-stain'd plantation?
 Why streams the rich sun-light o'er man's degradation?
 Why is mercy held out to this sin-hardened nation,
 That crushes God's image so low in the dust?

My heart swells with grief as I think of the sighing,
 The tears that fall fast where the rice rankly grows,
 The down-trodden poor that by inches are dying—
 Where the sweet Southern river thro' sugar-cane flows:
 But the mercy of Heaven enduring forever,
 Will turn a deaf ear to the suppliant, never;
 For *Justice* and *Love* are so blended together,
 That judgments are certain and wisely ordained.

But not on the whirlwind, with sword all upraised,
 Will our Father in Heaven make bare his strong arm;
 With *love* will He come, while that power be it praised,
 Will conquer the tyrant and rescue from harm:
 The bondman, the freeman, will raise their glad voices,
 While the North claps her hands and triumphant rejoices,
 As the anthem of Freedom, with myriads of voices,
 Shall burst in the chorus of transport and praise!

A. H. P.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Rockingham.

Half dead a plunder'd outcast lay,
 Forlorn upon the highway side;
 When lo! a Priest came down that way,
 And saw his grief—but help denied.

A haughty Levite next pass'd by,
 Beheld the helpless sufferers grief;
 He saw his wounds, he heard his cry,
 But Priest-like, deign'd him no relief!

Next came the man with feeling heart,
 He saw and made this man his care;
 With oil and wine he eased the smart,
 And dress'd his wounds and paid his fare.

Thus Jesus taught us love to man,
 Thus let us heed our brother's claim;
 Do good to all whene'er we can,
 Nor ask their party, sect or name.

M. J.

“WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM IF THEY ARE ALL
 SET FREE AT ONCE?”

Israel.

A tyrant's question this, I ween,
 To ask what man with man shall do;
 There's none but God, the great Unseen,
 Who may dispose of them or you:
 Now, cease to do with them, we ask,
 No longer rob, or whip, or task.

But do you ask, with tender heart,
 What for your fellows you can do?
 Does pity in your bosom start?
 Would you the just man's way pursue?
 Then though a fool, the path's so plain,
 That none need ever err therein.

For rifle-balls and baying hound,
 For screws, and chains and snapper'd whips,
 O, let them hear the blissful sound
 “Dear brother—sister,” from your lips:
 Give Freedom's cup, all running o'er,
 That they may drink and thirst no more.

For cruel sunderings heart from heart,
 For blight and darkness in the soul—
 Guard their free homes, give knowledge, light,
 And true religion's pure control.
 This for the bondman you can do,
 And prove yourselves their brethren true.

D. S. W.

POWER OF TRUTH.

Coronation.

All hail the power of heavenly truth,
 Let all men hear its call;
 As noon-day sun it now shines forth,
 To break the dreadful thrall.

Ye dead and twice dead of our race,
 Who bow at Mammon's call;
 Now come forth from your deep disgrace,
 To break your brethren's thrall.

Ye scramblers for the loaves and fish,
 Which down from slavery fall,
 Repent—or soon I'm sure you'll wish
 The hills would on you fall.

Churches and Priests that Christ's name have,
 And yet break not the thrall,
 Repent—or truth will dig a grave
 So deep 'twill hold you all.

Ye large of heart and strong of hand,
 Who do free labor all;
 Now take a right and noble stand,
 And freedom give to all.

B1

Strong men and youth, and children true,
 With women, girls and all ;
 This heavenly truth now calls on you
 To dash the chains from all.

Ye chosen few who see the light,
 And on this nation call,
 Your strength is God, your cause is right,
 And truth will break the thrall. D. S. W.

THE SLAVE'S WANTS.

Wantage.

I want my ravished *self*,
 My plundered manhood back ;
 Deprived of this, I am but pelf,
 And all but *ill* I lack.

I want the wife I love,
 To call her all my own,
 My children too, each cherished dove,
 For *mine*, and mine *alone*.

I want to be secure,
 Amid my humble trust,
 Against the wrongs I now endure
 From *tyranny* and *lust*.

I want the bread I earn,
 The fruit of honest toil,
 And perfect liberty to burn
 The student's midnight oil.

I want to worship God,
 And his commands fulfil,

By brutal violence unawed,
Or man's conflicting will.

I want the melting heart
Of pity for my woes—
The voice of Truth to take my part,
And scatter all my foes.

A. B.

EMANCIPATION—THE CONTRAST.

Coronation.

f. The sunny Isles are Freedom's own,
Where once the tyrant stood—
She rear'd *her* banner, dash'd *his* throne,
With power, but not with blood.

O no! the songs we hear to-day
Are all unmix'd with wo;
True Freedom has no war array,
And pure her blessings flow.

m. But O my country, not for thee
Those songs now fill the air;
To slav'ry thou hast bow'd the knee,
Deaf to the suppliant's prayer.

The pall of death has closed around,
The heavens are dark above—
In league with tyrants thou art found,
Where is thy boasted love?

Thy boasted love for liberty!
Alas, how vainly said!
While millions now are doom'd by thee
Oppression's vale to tread.

p. Sorrow and sighing, grief and wo,
 The fetter and the chain,
 Are all *imbruted man* can know—
 To die, for him is gain.

Sad genius of Columbia, mourn
 O'er thy degraded brave!
 Weep that thy flag so proudly borne
 Yet rustles o'er the slave!

ff. My country! haste to wipe the stain
 From off thy star-deck'd brow—
 Look to the Islands of the main,
 And make *thy* offering now!

A. H. P.

FREEMEN AWAKE.

‘*Cheer up.*’

The Isles are free—but O this land,
 The last to forge the fetter,
 Now laughs to scorn the faithful band
 Who seek to make it better.

CHORUS.—Awake, awake, New England men,
 And banish all oppression;
 Come one, come all, from hill and glen,
 To save this guilty nation.

The monster Slavery rears on high
 His head in bold defiance,
 And knoweth not the power is nigh,
 To break the foul alliance.
 Awake, &c.

He proudly sets his iron foot
 Upon the poor and needy,

And asks our labor all to boot,
 To fill his stomach greedy.
 Awake, &c.

He smiles to see the bait he throws
 To Northern freemen swallow'd ;
 And thinks the bargain soon will close,
 And southern masters follow'd.
 Awake, &c.

He got our rights full half away
 Before we seem'd to know it ;
 And now we think 'tis time to say
 We're men, and mean to show it.
 Awake, &c.

We'll have an army bold and brave,
 If Freedom's hosts will rally,
 Our country and ourselves to save—
 Come all from hill and valley.
 Awake, &c.

United we can pull him down,
 And make the tyrant tremble ;
 Then we can sing 'our great renown,'
 But *now* we should dissemble.
 Awake, &c.

Then we can shout—'Long live this land,'
 As freedom's home forever,
 While bond and free together stand,
 With blessings round them ever.

Awake, awake, New England men,
 And banish all oppression ;
 Come one, come all, from hill and glen,
 To save this guilty nation. A. H. P.

THE BOON OF FREEDOM—FIRST OF AUGUST.

St. Martin's.

A day of glory sure is this,
 For Afric's injured race!
 We'll shout and sing the joy and bliss
 Of God's redeeming grace.

We come, we come a numerous throng,
 Sav'd from oppressions chain!
 Our grateful voices shall prolong,
 And Freedom is our strain.

Long have we borne the bitter grief—
 The bondman's woe and pain;
 But now we celebrate relief,
 From Slavery's dark domain!

Let all our voices join and sing,
 To Him who rules above;
 Let hill and valley gladly ring,
 The power of *truth* and *love*.

No more those Isles across the sea,
 Shall crush the human mind;
 The fiat sounds—man must be *FREE*—
 The spirit who can bind?

The guilty South may fear and quake,
 Her doom is sealed above;
 O North! in sin do not partake,
 Strike off each chain in love.

G. W. S.,

 BRITISH EMANCIPATION.
Northfield.

Rejoice! for the Isles of the sea,
 Those gems, that the bright waters lave;

Their sons and their daughters are free !
 And hush'd are the groans of the slave.

Rejoice ! the glad anthem ascends,
 The chattel springs up in his might !
 The pale-faced oppressor attends,
 And hides in Columbia's night.

Columbia ! the last to oppress,
 My country, I sorrow for thee ;
 O hasten thy wrongs to redress,
 O hasten thy bondmen to free !

The South's sunny vales shall prolong,
 The shout that comes over the main,
 And Freedom's loud glorious song,
 Be sung and re-echoed again !

A. H. P.

REMEMBER THE SLAVE.

Auld Lang Syne.

Shall suff'ring bondmen be forgot,
 Their sorrows and their tears ?
 The mis'ry of their wretched lot,
 Their griefs and many fears ?

O, shall their want, and wo and pain
 Be never brought to mind ?
 The horror of the galling chain,
 The aching limbs confined ?

O no, we'll often think of them,
 When life is fair and bright ;
 Their wrongs and wo shall be our theme
 In sorrow's gath'ring night.

We'll make their grief and pain our own,
 And all their suffering share ;
 And often at our Father's throne
 We'll plead their cause in pray'r.

M. J.

A HAPPY DAY IS DAWNING.

The Morning Light is Breaking.

The happy day is dawning,
 The earth's bright jubilee—
 The long expected morning,
 When slaves shall all be free :
 The present signs betoken
 That joyful time of peace ;
 All chains shall soon be broken,
 And wrong and crime shall cease.

This land has long been blighted
 With sins of ev'ry name ;
 Like heathen lands benighted,
 Has gloried in its shame :
 Now ev'ry day is laden
 With hope of good to come ;
 Earth shall be yet an Eden,—
 A paradise shall bloom.

In suff'ring and reproaches,
 We'll toil for truth and right ;
 The jubilee approaches,
 We hail its dawning light :
 With faith and zeal increasing,
 We'll toil till slavery cease,
 Till earth receive the blessing
 Of universal peace.

M. J.

WHO WOULD BE A SLAVE ?

Northfield.

Hark ! ye who are with plenty crown'd
 And fulness have in store ;
 O, turn a thought to those who're bound,
 The poorest of the poor.

The golden maxim have you heard—
 That you to others do,
 In ev'ry look, and deed, and word,
 As you'd have done to you ?

Think of the suffer'ing negro's fate,
 Bow'd lowly to the earth ;
 O, place yourself in his estate,
 And learn true Freedom's worth.

O say, would *you* be doom'd to toil,
 And driven like the brute ?
 Or forc'd to till another's soil,
 And ne'er enjoy the fruit ?

Who would be crush'd in body, mind—
 His children sold for cash !
 And herded with the beastly kind,
 Rul'd by the tyrant's lash ?

O, who would wear a bondman's chain
 And live a living death ;
 Without a hope his rights to gain,
 To breathe a freeman's breath ?

Then ye who bear the Christian name
 And live in gospel light,
 On you a brother has a claim—
 Restore his stolen right.

A. G. S.

I AM AN ABOLITIONIST.

Auld Lang Syne.

I am an Abolitionist!
 I glory in the name;
 Though now by SLAVERY'S minions hiss'd,
 And covered o'er with shame:
 It is a spell of light and power—
 The watchword of the free:—
 Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
 A craven soul is he!

I am an Abolitionist!
 Then urge me not to pause;
 For joyfully do I enlist
 In FREEDOM'S sacred cause:
 A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
 Th' enslaved to disenthral;
 I am a soldier for the war,
 Whatever may befall!

I am an Abolitionist!
 Oppression's deadly foe;
 In God's great strength will I resist,
 And lay the monster low;
 In God's great name do I demand,
 To all be freedom given,
 That peace and joy may fill the land,
 And songs go up to heaven!

I am an Abolitionist!
 No threats shall awe my soul,
 No perils cause me to desist,
 No bribes my acts control;
 A freeman will I live and die,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 And raise my voice for liberty,
 Of nought on earth afraid.

I am an Abolitionist—
 The tyrant's hate and dread—
 The friend of all who are oppress'd—
 A price is on my head!
 My country is the wide, wide world,
 My countrymen mankind:
 Down to the dust be Slavery hurl'd!
 All servile chains unbind!

W. L. G.

A PARODY.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye young men bold and strong,
 And with a warm and cheerful zeal,
 Come help the cause along;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
 When Slavery is no more.
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye men of riper years,
 And save your wives and children dear,
 From grief and bitter tears;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
 When Slavery is no more
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye men of hoary heads,

And end your days where Liberty
 Its peaceful influence sheds ;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more.
 When Slavery is no more.
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye dames and maidens fair,
 And breathe around us in our path
 Affection's hallowed air ;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
 When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won.
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When woman cheers us on.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye who the weak enslave,—
 Who sell the father, mother, child,
 Whom Christ has died to save!
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when chains are forged no more.
 When Slavery is no more, our happy land all o'er,
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye sons and daughters all
 Of this our own America—
 Come at the friendly call ;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,
 This, this is Freedom's day—Oppression flee away !
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Freedom wins the day. *Picnic.*

WHAT WE ASK.

Old Hundred.

We ask not that the slave should lie,
 As lies his master at his ease,
 Beneath a silken canopy,
 Or in a shade of blooming trees.

We mourn not that the man should toil ;
 'Tis nature's need, 'tis God's decree ;
 But let the hand that tills the soil,
 Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

We ask not, 'eye for eye,' that all,
 Who forge the chain and ply the whip,
 Should feel their torture ; while the thrall
 Should wield the scourge of mastership.

We only ask, O God, that they,
 Who bind a brother, may relent ;
 But, Great Avenger, we do pray
 That the wrong-doer may repent.
Anti-Slavery Melodies.

MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

America.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Strong hold of slavery,
 Of thee I sing :
 Land where my fathers died,
 Where men man's rights deride,
 From every mountain-side,
 Thy deeds shall ring.

My native country ! thee,
 Where all men are born free,
 If white their skin :
 I love thy hills and dales,
 Thy mounts and pleasant vales,
 But hate thy negro sales,
 As foulest sin.

Let wailing swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 The black man's wrong ;
 Let every tongue awake,
 Let bond and free partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God ! to thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing ;
 Soon may our land be bright,
 With holy freedom's right,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

Anti-Slavery Melodies.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

Missionary Hymn.

Almighty God, thou Giver
 Of all our sunny plains,
 That stretch from sea to river,
 Hear'st thou thy children's chains ?
 Seest thou the snapper'd lashes
 That daily sting afresh ?
 Seest thou the cow-skin's gashes,
 Cut through the quivering flesh ?

Seest thou the sores, that rankle,
 Licked by no pitying dog,
 Where, round the bondman's ankle,
 They've rivetted a clog?
 Hear'st thou the curse he mutters,
 Seest thou his flashing eye?
 Hear'st thou the prayer he utters,
 That thou would'st let him die?

God of the poor and friendless,
 Shall this unequalled wrong,
 This agony be endless?
 How long, O Lord, how long
 Shall man set on his brother,
 The iron heel of sin;
 The Holy Ghost to smother—
 To crush the God within!

Call out, O God thy legions—
 The hosts of love and light!
 Ev'n in the blasted regions
 That Slavery wraps in night,
 Some of thine own annointed
 Shall catch the welcome call,
 And, at the hour appointed,
 Do battle for the thrall.

Let press, let pulpit thunder,
 In all slave-holders' ears,
 Till they disgorge the plunder
 They've garnered up for years;
 Till Mississippi's Valley,
 Till Carolina's coast,
 Round Freedom's standard rally,
 A vast, a *ransomed* host!

Pierpont.

THOSE IN BONDS REMEMBERED.

Greenville.

Hear ye not the voice of anguish,
 In our own—our native land?
 Brethren, doom'd in chains to languish,
 Lift to heaven the fetter'd hand;
 And despairing,
 Death, to end their grief, demand.

Let us raise our supplication,
 For the scourg'd, the suff'ring slave—
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave;
 God of Mercy!
 From thy throne, Oh! hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember;
 Lord! our hands with theirs are bound!
 With each helpless, suff'ring member,
 Let our sympathies be found,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smile of Freedom round.

Even now thy word is spoken!
 'Lo! the tyrant's pow'r must cease!
 From the slave the chain be broken!
 Captives! hail the kind release;
 Then in splendor
 Christ shall reign, the Prince of Peace.
Freedom's Lyre.

THE GUILT OF PREJUDICE.

Ballerma.

Forgive me, Lord! for in my pride,
 I scorn'd the Ethiop's race;
 And thought they were too darkly dy'd
 To have a brother's place.

And when the bondman wept and cried,—
 “Help! help! thy brother save!”—
 “Peace! wretched one!” I sharp replied:
 “God made thee thus a slave.”

Thus from the image of my God,
 The offspring of his breath,
 The object of a Savior's love,
 The purchase of his death.

I turn'd away; and proudly pray'd,
 “I thank thee, God of grace!
 That I of better earth was made,
 Than Ham's accursed race.”

O Lord! my pride I now confess,
 With shame before thy feet;
 I'll vanquish all my haughtiness,
 And take the lowest seat.

No more the injur'd slave shall pine,
 While none his sorrows move;
 His wounds I'll soothe with oil and wine,
 His aching heart with *love*.

Freedom's Lyre.

THE HOUR OF FREEDOM WILL COME.

Hebron.

The hour of freedom! come it must—
 Oh! hasten it in mercy, Heav'n!
 When all, who grovel in the dust,
 Shall stand erect, their fetters riv'n.

When glorious freedom shall be won
 By ev'ry caste, complexion, clime;
 When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
 And *color* cease to be a *crime*!

Friend of the poor, long-suff'ring Lord !
 This guilty land from ruin save ;
 Let Justice sheathe her glitt'ring sword,
 And Mercy rescue from the grave.

And ye, who are like cattle sold,
 Ignobly trodden like the earth,
 And barter'd constantly for gold—
 Your souls debas'd from their high birth—

Bear meekly still your cruel woes,
 Light follows darkness—comfort, pain ;
 So time shall give you sweet repose,
 And sever ev'ry hateful chain.

Wm. L. Garrison.

SLAVERY MUST PASS AWAY.

Old Hundred.

Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
 The bones and blood of living man ;
 Let despots scorn, while despots dare,
 The shrieks and writhings of despair ;—

The *end will come*, it will not wait,
 Bonds yokes and scourges have their date ;
 Slavery itself must pass away,
 And be a tale of yesterday.

Montgomery.



